

The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University
Ohio State Engineer

Title: Cranks and Countershafts

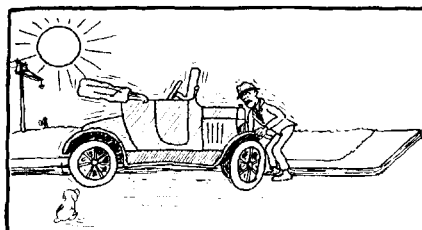
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CRANKS AND COUNTERSHAFTS

Old Colored Mammy: "Ise wants a ticket fo' Florence."
Ticket Agent (after ten minutes of weary thumbing over railroad guides): "Where is Florence?"
Old Colored Mammy: "Sittin' over dar on de bench."

"Pardon me, professor, but last night your daughter accepted my proposal of marriage. I have called this morning to ask if there is any insanity in your family."
"There must be."

Hee: "Came near selling my shoes today."
Haw: "How come?"
Hee: "Had them half-soled."—Wesleyan Wasp.

No Gardenia, just because wheat is selling at a dollar a bushel, you cannot call it buckwheat.—Washington Dirge.

Nip: "I bet Roman prisoners were terrors in their college days."
Tuck: "Don't say!"
Nip: "Yep, it says here they paddled the Roman galleys."—Lafayette Lyre.

Fresh: "Who is the smallest man in history?"
Soph: "I give up."
Fresh: "Why, the Roman soldier who slept on his watch."—Penn. Punch Bowl.

The Bootblack: "Light or dark, sir?"
The Absent-Minded Professor: "I'm not particular, but please don't give me the neck."—Carnegie Puppet.

Professor: "Spivins, spell professor."
Freshman: "P-r-o-f-f-e-s-s-o-r."
Professor: "Leave out one of the F's."
Freshman: "Which one?"—Carolina Boll Weevil.

"Funny it never repeats itself to me," said the puzzled student over his History examination.—Washington Dirge.

He: "Say, my car burned up last night."
She: "That so? Get anything out of it?"
He: "Well, I got to light my cigarette."—Lafayette Lyre.

Blisterine Co., Sweet Briar, Pa.

Gents: For many years people shunned me and no one ever told me why. After reading your startling facts I became convinced I had Halitosis. I started using your meritorious product and now am pleased to state that wherever I go large crowds stop me and beg me to let them smell my breath.

Breathlessly yours,
I. X. HALE.

Did you ever notice that the restaurants which use the strongest cups serve the weakest coffee!

"You never can, Tell," whispered the onlooker as William got set to knock the apple off his son's head.—Carnegie Puppet.

There was a man in ancient times who had a foot twelve inches long, but he didn't use it as a rule.—Centre Colonel.

"Abie, for vy did you dake oud insurance on your house?"
Oh, id sounded like a sure-fire proposition."—Yale Record.

Toricelli, the man who first made a vacuum, was the only inventor who produced absolutely nothing and got credit for it.—Stevens Stone Mill.

"Does your food contain many vitamins," the kind lady asked the hungry gob.
"Well, there's bound to be some insects in the best of chow, but you get used to it after a while."—Annapolis Log.

HE AUTO KNOW

She: "I see in the paper that three persons were killed in a feud."
He: "Those little cheap cars are dangerous."—Georgia Yellow Jacket.

Bystanders: "Where's the driver? Get him!"
Victim: "Wait boys, wait. I was trying to cross the street and the driver stopped and motioned me to go across. The shock was too much."

"Papa, what makes night fall?"
"The sunbeams give way. Oswald, where's your handkerchief?"—Stanford Chaparral.

It's the Steam, not the Freight, that makes the Cargo.—Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.

THE MODERN CHILD

(From Station Nowilawme)

O Lord, bless papa and mamma,
Sister and brother, and me too.
May tomorrow be picnic day.
This is little Willie signing off.

THAT—

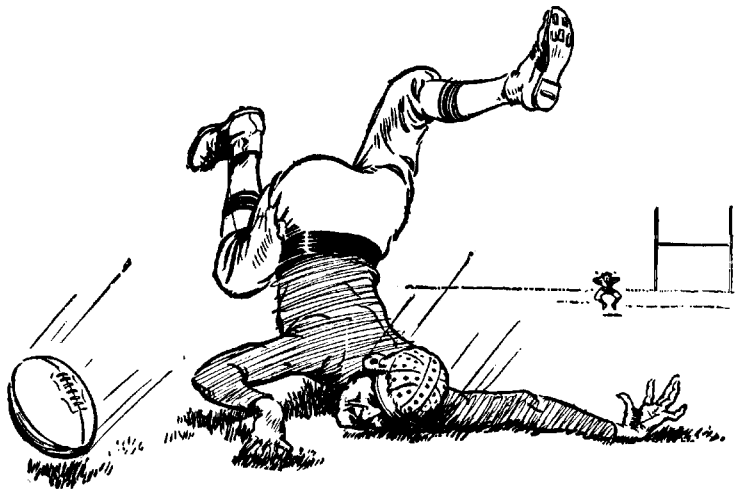
Lion Tamer: "Why isn't the side show open today?"
Peanut Vendor: "Well—the sword swallower got indigestion from drinking some of my pink lemonade—the wild man's wife beat him up last night—the tattooed man got caught in a shower and had to be remade—the truant officer came and took Tom Thumb, the mid-get, back to the kindergarten—and the bearded lady went home to see his sick wife—so they called the show off."—Washington Dirge.

A couple were sitting within the beautiful colonnades of St. Peter's in Rome. His countenance differed not from that of an ordinary wop. She, however, was a wonderful olive-skinned Italian. I seated myself on the bench with them, beside her. He kissed her once—then twice. I reached over and proceeded to do the same. With words that meant, "Leave her alone, you fool, she's my wife," I struck the pavement.

And, I had always believed that when you were in Rome you should do as the Romans do.—Texas Ranger.

THE LUCKY COLLEGE MAN

He can sleep late mornings
(and flunk eight o'clock classes.)
He has no worries
(except exams and bills.)
He can wear extreme styles
(and be regarded as an idiot.)
He can attend matinees and tea dances
(and be broke.)
He can visit college chums from coast to coast
(if his father is with a railroad.)
He can write home whenever he's broke
(and be told he's received his allowance.)
—Notre Dame Juggler.



As a football player he's a good poet

LET'S admit that all men are not born for gridiron honors, just as all men are not born poets.

You can admire a man's grit for plugging away at the thing that comes hardest to him. He does derive benefit in developing himself where he is weakest. But to achieve real success it is only common wisdom to pick out the line for which you have a natural aptitude—and go to it.

Particularly if you are a freshman it may be useful to remind you of this principle, because it can help you start off on the right foot in both your campus activities and your college courses.

If your fingers love the feel of a pencil, why not obey that impulse and come out for the publications? You can serve Alma Mater and yourself better as a first-class editor than a third-class halfback.

Similarly, when it comes to electing your college courses, you will be happier and more efficient if you choose in accordance with your natural aptitude.

The world needs many types of men. Find your line, and your college course will be a preparation for a greater success.

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